



INJURED LION

 *Sultan Aziz Azzam*
(may allah protect him)

Today was my fifth day at my friend's house due to continued airstrikes. Drone was targeting every living thing, my friend was already facing food shortages, but he would try to provide for me nevertheless. I was sitting on an old bed in a dark room and from the window I could hear drones buzzing above. I was getting tired, endless thoughts.... and all these thoughts were disturbing me. When I pondered upon the situation of my fellow muhajir then staying in the house for any longer didn't feel right, but I had no choice. As I raised my head above, the darkness spread even more.

I suddenly gazed outside the window and praised Al-lah. Now instead of drones, I was hearing thunder, so I took my gun and wore my cap. As I was about to knock on the door to call my friend, I saw the brother coming inside with a look of sadness on his face and his broken arm around his neck. He gave me Salam and said whilst laughing: What are you doing? You're happy as if it's Eid. I won't let you go like this.

He tried to reach me but I stepped back and said: No brother! It's better if I get going. I don't know if I'll find an opportunity like this again. The brother said while point-



ing at the bed: Please sit down, wait for the other brothers to come and if they don't come then I'll go with you. I said: I have already troubled you enough, I don't know for sure when the others will come. I have told them not to come until the work is done but if they come after I have left, then send them to me. Your injury is still not healed you take rest, I have a lot of work to do I can't stay any longer. And then I left the village. I crossed a mountain. I saw blood stains on white stones of the stream, it was a proof that there was an injured person nearby because the blood was fresh. I took a turn as the blood was not on the main path but instead the blood stains were going towards the mountain. I looked forward and saw a young man. He was sitting under a tree with a stick in his hand and his neck leaned down because of pain and fatigue. As I was about to reach him the man started to stand with the help of his stick. I quickly reached him and put my hand on his shoulder stopping him from standing up.

I hugged him. I repeatedly asked him: Where is your injury? When and how did all this happen? Was there a friend with you?

Instead of answering he tried to smile and with a weak voice he asked for water. I gave him water which he drank and said "Alhamdulillah". I placed my hand on his shoulder and pulled him closer. He placed his head on my chest and I started to remove the burnt hairs from his head and beard. He started talking while glancing at the "Speen Ghar" (white mountain, name of a high mountain in khurasan)

He said: For the past few days the Afghan Taliban (Emarat) have been attacking, but by the grace of Allah they didn't succeed, in the evening when their last attack failed and the night was dark then Air force came and started bombing. After that I was unconscious until far. In the morning I saw burned dead bodies of my brothers and broken weapons were all around. I heard someone calling, a brother was injured, so I stood up and carried him on my shoulders whilst

He said to me: you go and leave me here you are also injured and it's been so many days we haven't eaten anything; you won't be able to take me. But I said to him: "I can't just leave you like this to these brutal Americans. I stopped talking and placed my hand in my pocket. I said to him: You just be patient. I have some walnuts with me. His eyes filled with tears at this moment. He tried to escape from my arms. After many attempts, he finally sat down. I gave those bloodied walnuts to him and said: somehow, we must leave, Taliban will soon arrive.

I carried that brother on my back. We managed to



leave. I didn't have any more strength in me, we came downhill, walking and slipping. When the sun was shining right above our heads, we managed to get quite far away. Also drones started moving heavily at this point. We could also hear Takbir (Allahu Akbar) from above, we saw Taliban were raising their white flag on the burnt trees and were firing bullets out of joy. My friend looked at me and said alhamdulillah you took me along, these Americans in the name of Taliban took another place from us with the help of their Air force.

If only.... they wouldn't say Takbir. I asked him so where is your injured friend now? He said: Akhi he couldn't come any further and neither was I able to bring him on my back. He stayed there, when the clouds came and drones were gone, I left from there. OH! Show me your wound, maybe I can do something!

He showed me his leg. I saw his old green plastic boots were filled with blood. He said in a painful voice: Overall I'm fine. I closed these wounds but maybe they opened somehow. I took the scarf from my head and I said to him: Show me! He grabbed my hand and tried to put it back on my head. He said: "your hair is long, don't remove your scarf. I fear that it will target you. All the mujahideen are looking up to you.

My eyes filled with tears; I couldn't breathe. I removed the burnt torn cloth: What are you saying Akhi, I can't even compare myself with the dust of your foot, don't worry, they are now hitting everyone. It doesn't matter if you have long hair or short, they are killing every living thing. I tied his wound with my scarf. I said to him: come on quickly, let's

go now!

He excused himself and said: Akhi, Inshallah I can walk by myself; you go quickly after crossing this mountain, then turn from the first village towards the stream there is a bombard house. There they treat the injured. Also, fellow friends will be there in sha Allah. Send them, so they can help the brother left behind. I tried but he refused. He said if you take me on your shoulders it will take too long and the other brother will die. I kissed his forehead and left.

After half an hour I reached the village. The village was so silent I could hardly see anyone except a few children and hens moving around the bombarded houses. I quickly escaped the village. Then I saw a house far ahead. When I came closer, I saw that the first floor of that double story house was damaged because of bombardment. The wooden doors were scattered all around the place, I couldn't find a door to enter then I saw a curtain made of

plastic bags

Between the trees. I went there and called out if there was someone inside. "Anybody here?". After a while a person came, he saw me and asked surprisingly "You and here? Are you injured?" He saw my hands and clothes filled with blood of the injured brother I met earlier, he didn't wait for my answer and asked me to enter. So, I walked silently after him in a dark room. In the corner of the room there were wooden stairs leading to another room below. I entered this room but it was so dark I couldn't see anything. That brother held my hand and said: you have just come from the light that's why you can't see perfectly, come behind me!

After a few moments, he stopped in front of a door where I could see light coming from the gaps of that door. He knocked, the door opened and we went inside. The room was lit up using solar light, enough that we could see each other with ease. The injured were lying on beds as I walked in everyone was looking at me with a surprise. My friend doctor hugged me and said: "Isn't it a weird coincidence, a few moments before I was treating a brother and he was praying for you that "O Allah protect him."

The friend who came along with me said: Azaam is a nice person. Doctor asked me: Where is your injury? I replied: Alhamdulillah, I'm fine. My hands and clothes got blood from a brother I met on my way, there was no water on my way to wash my hands. I didn't hear his answer, I requested him to send two or three brothers and a ride (donkey). The brother on the way was fine but the other brother has severe injuries.

The Doctor bowed his head in grief, his eyes filled with tears as he said while putting his hand on my shoulder: Brother, yesterday, an injured was being brought on a donkey they got bombarded, we haven't heard anything about them till now. Now when the clouds arrived, some brothers left for them. Now there are only two helpers left, I will send them. The Doctor ran to send them right away. There were injured people in the room. Some had bandages on their heads and some on their hands, I comforted them and told them that everything is going to be

fine. Everyone was delighted because of my presence, after a while the doctor and his friend arrived, and said: I have sent brothers.

He was ahead and I was walking behind him, we went to the opposite side from where I came in. There was another doctor friend he was washing the white clothes, he stood as we came. I asked why was he washing these instead of throwing them away?

He humbly answered: From a few days we are running short on everything that's why once we use them on a patient, we wash them and reuse them on another.

We were moving forward as we heard screams. I looked at the doctor with a questioning look? He said: Brother, there is a young man who was targeted by a drone, he has so much pain in his head and chest. And we don't have any painkillers, injections or any tablets. He entered the room so I followed him. The injured became silenced for a moment, he looked at me and I immediately went to him.

He held my hand firmly in his warm hands. He was in severe pain. He said: Finally, Allah allowed me to meet you. He said: Akhi I was wishing, if an Ameer (leader) would come! Can't you see the situation here? There are aren't any medication nor bandages, aren't you people worried about these wounded? I had no answers for his questions, I was speechless! Doctor said to him: brother don't blame the leaders for how the situation is. And brother Azzam doesn't even have the responsibility for this job. The Injured brother squeezed his eyes out of pain and started saying Allah, Allah. After a few moments he looked at me, he asked me to sit so I sat down beside his bed. He moved his hand towards me and grabbed me by my collar!

This time he said with a fierce voice: Look! if you trade the tears of widows and orphans, or if you trade the blood of the martyrs and these wounded or if you play with their wishes like the leaders of Taliban traded them, Then on the day of judgment there will be our hands and your collars. Just after that, he uttered Shahadah and his hands slipped off my collars. May Allah accept him.

